

PROMINENT MEN IN XMAS APPEAL FOR ARMENIANS

Former President Taft Leads in
Eloquent Plea for Support of
Near East Relief.

To save the lives of 800,000 people in Armenia and other western Asian countries and to care for more than 250,000 orphans who are homeless there former President William Howard Taft, Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, and Alexander J. Hemphill, the New York banker, as members of the Executive Committee of Near East Relief, the former American Committee on Armenian and Syrian Relief, have issued a Christmas appeal for continued support of this organization and its work.

Near East Relief is now operating under a government charter and is practically alone in the western Asian field, the Red Cross several months ago having announced its withdrawal. The Christmas letter, a classic of its kind, is as follows:

"Dear Friend—Another little child has shriveled up and died.

"The mother, creeping back, gaunt and cold, from the desert, has put down the thin little bones with those that strew the road and has sunk beside them, never to rise again.

"Only a little child and a mother out on the bleak Armenian road! But what is that vision hovering there and what is that voice the cold winds bear to the ears of our souls—I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was naked and ye clothed me not."

"Today—yes, today—while we are preparing our gifts for Christmas, many more of these little children—not a hundred nor a thousand, but 250,000 of them—are still wandering uncared for and alone in that dead land, their weakened skins clinging in fear to their rattling bones, and they are crying out with gasping breath, 'I am hungry, I am hungry!' And the voice of one who watches us as we prepare gifts to celebrate his birthday comes again to the ears of our souls—I am hungry! I am hungry! I am hungry! I am hungry!"

"Now, the children and the mothers in Armenia are dreading the winter. Just human remnants they are, not protected, many of them, from the elements by even the dignity of rags. The most favored have merely shreds of rag. How shall we sing our Christmas songs and laugh and light the candles and give beautiful gifts while that pleading voice cries in the ears of our souls, 'I am naked and cold—saked and cold!'"

"But we can feed and clothe these perishing ones—some of them—before it is too late. Herbert Hoover has called from the Caucasus, 'It is impossible that the loss of 200,000 lives can at this day be prevented, but the remaining 500,000 can possibly be saved.' They need not starve and freeze and die if we will save them. In the name of him who saw the multitude, 'as sheep not having a shepherd and was moved with compassion toward them,' who exclaimed when his disciples would turn them away, 'They need not depart, give ye them to eat!'"

"Fifteen dollars a month will provide food, clothes, shelter and education toward self support for one orphan child.

"Ten dollars a month will provide food, clothes and shelter for one orphan child.

"Five dollars a month will provide food for one orphan child.

"He fed 5,000 hungry people in the wilderness and said to his followers, 'The things that I do shall ye also do, and greater things than these shall ye do.' Today nearly 800,000 destitute Armenians—his people—need food and clothing.

"He took little children in his arms and blessed them. Today will you take one or more of these sad, cold, hungry little children of Armenia into your arms and heart in his name and give them food and warmth and life?"

"What a joyful Christmas it will be when with your songs and your laughter you hear a voice of wondrous sweetness speaking to you, 'O ye blessed of my Father, I was hungry and ye gave me meat, I was naked and ye clothed me; inasmuch as ye have done it to these, my brethren, ye have done it to me.'"

"Faithfully yours,
"WILLIAM H. TAFT.
"ALEXANDER J. HEMPHILL.
"HENRY MORGENTHAU."

For Executive Committee, Near East Relief.

BANDITS ATTACK HARBORD, THINKING HIM ARMENIAN

Because he and members of his party were mistaken for Armenians, Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, head of the American Mission to Armenia, narrowly escaped death at the hands of a band of marauding bandits a few miles from Mount Ararat. Major General Harbord has just returned to the United States and made a report to President Wilson on the distressing conditions in the Near East, where American charity is saving thousands of lives through the Near East Relief.

AFTER SLEEP OF CENTURIES

Each little May Be Said to Have Returned to Earth for a Few Moments.

There was a little gathering in the green graveyard of an old priory church. There was the rector and an old antiquary in rusty black, a few neighboring squire, the county police sergeant, the sexton and a laborer or two, while an ancient stone coffin, recently unearthed, lay on the ground.

"Who do you suppose it is, professor?" inquired the rector.

The old man in black polished his glasses and adjusted them carefully. "It must be Thomas DeBoehm's," he said. "Thomas was prior here in the time of Henry III, about 1220. But we shall see."

A hush fell on the group as the men set to work with hammer and chisel. "All ready," the sexton reported presently. They took off their hats and the policeman removed his helmet. The ponderous lid was slowly pushed aside and they were gazing at the calm, strong face of an ecclesiastic in rich silk vestments, wrapped in his 700 years' sleep.

"Yes, it's Thomas," murmured the professor, with the air of one recognizing an old friend. "Very like the contemporary portrait on the vellum."

As they continued to gaze, spell-bound, a weird thing happened. The vestments gradually lost their coloring and then all that the coffin contained crumbled before their eyes to a mere handful of ashes.

"Dust to dust," whispered the rector.

Very subdued and silent the little company dispersed.—London Times.

PHANTOM GAVE GOOD ADVICE

Apparition That Appeared to French Shepherd Was Possibly Some Relation to the Leprechaun.

Every Irishman can tell you about the Leprechaun, the little man who dresses in red with a peaked cap, and lives in the ditches. Only one person can see him at a time, and if he does catch sight of him, must never take his eyes off for a single moment. Watching him carefully, he must run and catch him, and if he succeeds in doing so the Leprechaun will ransom himself by leading his captor to a creek of buried gold. At least, so runs the legend.

Some years ago a French shepherd of Aveyron lost two sheep. The following evening a figure in a black robe and with tumbled hair appeared to him, and told him to look for the lost members of his flock in a cave near Altes, adding that he would there find "more than sheep."

The next day the shepherd found the cave mouth exactly as described. Inside were his two sheep. Beyond, he came upon a chapel carved in the rock and containing chalices, censers, and candle-sticks all made of solid silver, and of very considerable value. A letter found in a missal showed that the place had been used as a place of worship during the Reign of Terror in 1793. The shepherd took the ornaments to his parish priest and was well rewarded for his find.

How Asbestos Is Produced.

The finest asbestos, and the greater part of the world's supply, comes from Quebec. Asbestos is a fibrous mineral that can be spun and woven into fabrics as fine as silk, which are unaffected by temperatures of from 2,000 to 3,000 degrees F. It is found in layers filling fissures in certain serpentine rocks. It is believed that when the rock was forming and still hot, water penetrated the fissures, widened them and dissolved some of the silica and magnesia. On drying, these crystallized as a hydrated silicate of magnesia, forming threadlike crystals building up from opposite walls of the fissures and meeting in the middle.

No one has yet discovered how finely asbestos fibers can be split. A microscope magnifying 900 diameters revealed fibers that are estimated to be five one-millionths of an inch thick.

Facts About Lightning.

We see in the papers after a severe storm that "a thunderbolt" has fallen. This and another popular superstition—namely, that there is a protected space under a lightning conductor—were finally dispelled by the lightning research committee's report.

We now know that the so-called "thunderbolt" is a very powerful flash, which disturbs the ground like a bursting shell. The action of a lightning stroke on an insufficiently protected building may be compared to the effect of a very heavy rainfall on a house which has insufficient gutters and rainwater pipes. The water, before it can escape, will probably flood the building. A single lightning rod, fixed to the chimney-shaft, will do its part by receiving some of the flash.

Too Crowded.

The story of a New York woman who a number of years ago remarked, upon seeing three automobiles on Broadway in a single afternoon, that she "did not know what pass we are coming to," is paralleled by the following paragraph, taken from "California Desert Trails," S. Smeaton Chase's book:

"The cowboy's liking for unlimited range was illustrated by my friend's complaint that new-comers were crowding him out. A neighbor a mile away in one direction and another four miles off in the other were the grounds of objection; and the road was 'getting to be a darn boulevard; there were two fellows went by yesterday.'"

A VISITOR

By BARBARA WOOD.

"Who's there?"

Polly Anderson sat up in bed with a start. Her breath came fast and her heart beat like a little trip hammer. "Who's there?" she called again; this time her voice was steadier. But there was no answer. Slowly, oh, so slowly, Polly slipped two pink little feet out from under the covers, and without taking her eyes from the door she felt around on the floor for her slippers. After a moment or two of vain searching she dropped her eyes to look for them.

As she looked away the door opened swiftly and noiselessly and someone, or something, was in the room. But Polly was intent upon finding the slippers which had so mysteriously disappeared. Her curly head and bare, round arms were half way under the bed and she was saying to herself:

"Why didn't I snap on that light?"

Now Miss Polly Beckwith Anderson was not in the least a nervous or timid young lady. She was what her gentlemen acquaintances called "a sport through and through," and she could recall many a delightful day spent "breaking" one of her father's colts or at target practice with her two brothers. But when she heard her name spoken in a hoarse whisper by a man in her own room at two o'clock in the morning her heart stood still for the space of a quickly drawn breath. First, two shoulders clad in pink silk, then two arms, soft and white, and last a head and face hidden from view by a dark mass of curls made their way slowly and fearfully out from their recent hiding place.

With a toss of her head she threw her hair over her shoulders and lifted wide, frightened eyes to look into the face above her. In an instant she was on her feet, and her eyes, even in the dark, gleamed with anger.

"Robert Anderson, what do you mean by frightening me like this? Answer me!"

Bob shook with suppressed laughter as he put his finger to his lips.

"But where have you been, and why did you come in here and scare me half to pieces?" Polly asked, noticing that he was still wearing his daytime attire.

"Listen here, Polly-o," her brother was serious now and was fumbling in his inside coat pocket—"I saw Dave tonight and he asked me to give you this." With that he handed her a note addressed to "P. B. A."

But Polly did not take it. She was staring at him with a great light in her eyes. Finally she whispered:

"You saw David—my David?"

"Yes, little sister, and he's pretty lonesome for you, too, I guess. He took me out to the little new cottage he has built and furnished for you, and Polly, it's a beauty. There's nothing he's forgotten. He asked my advice about a few things for your own sunny boudoir because, as he expressed it, I 'was more acquainted with girls' things.' Dave may make money on the quality and excellence of his portraits, but no portrait he ever painted will be equal to the one you will make with the home he has made you for a setting. Why, girl, he pictured you in every nook and corner; the place couldn't belong to another person in the world. But here's your note; it's time for me to retire."

Polly took the note and reached up to kiss her big brother good night.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby," she whispered, "I love him so much, and you understand so well! If only father were a little more like you."

Bob stroked her hair.

"Never mind, Polly-o," he said gently, "he'll be all right after it's over. It's just that he hates to lose his only daughter."

When Bob was gone Polly opened the note and her fingers were trembling a little as she read it. She had not snapped on the light until Bob left, and when she did it showed dark, tired rings under her beautiful, heavily fringed eyes. There was a sad little droop to her sweet lips. And yet she was happier than she had ever been, for she was going to David. Three long years they had waited for their father to give his permission to their marriage, and at last Polly had told David that it would be wrong to wait any longer.

And now she held David's answer in her hand. Through her tears she read: "Come, dear heart, I am waiting, and everything is ready for the mistress of our home." There was more, but the word "come" was all that really mattered.

"Yes, David, I am coming," she whispered, and with a little sob she threw her head down on her arms and cried, "Daddy, daddy, I must."

For three days Bert Anderson fussed and fumed because his daughter was not there to wait on him; he always did when she went away to visit.

At last there came a day when Mr. Anderson received a letter written in Polly's own hand. When he finished reading his face flushed with anger.

"Thunderation!" he blurted out. Then very slowly he began to review the years since Polly's mother had died. Always it was Polly who comforted him; Polly who made him laugh; Polly whose girlish loveliness had made him so proud. When at last he remembered how Polly's face had grown and the last few years, and why, he dropped his head into his hands and whispered:

"My little daughter, I've been a fool; and at last I know it. Can you forgive me, dear child?"

Polly had asked forgiveness first, but it was she who gave it at last.

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 6. Toothache, Faceache, Neuralgia
 7. Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo
 8. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach
 9. Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis
 10. Eczema, Eruptions
 11. Rheumatism, Lumbago
 12. Fever and Ague, Malaria
 13. Piles, Hemorrhoids, Internal, External
 14. Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head
 15. Whooping Cough
 16. Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing
 17. Disorders of the Kidneys
 18. Urinary Inconvenience
 19. Sore Throat, Quinsy
 20. Grippe, La Grippe

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Notice for Appearance.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery.

Elias Holzheuer

vs.

Amelia Holzheuer.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery, at Corunna, on the 5th day of October, A. D. 1919.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant is not a resident of this state, but resident at Fort Meade, State of Florida, on motion of G. F. Pfeiffer, plaintiff's attorney, it is ordered that the said defendant enter her appearance herein, within three months from the date of this order.

And that within forty days the plaintiff cause this order to be published in The Owosso Times, such publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

JOSEPH H. COLLINS,

Circuit Judge.

G. F. PFEIFFER,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice for Appearance.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery.

Mary L. Shuster

vs.

Amos E. Shuster.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee—in Chancery. At the City of Corunna on the 17th day of September, 1919.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Amos E. Shuster, is not a resident of the State of Michigan but a resident of the State of Oregon, therefore on motion of Pulver & Hush, attorneys for plaintiff, it is ordered that the said defendant enter his appearance herein, on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the plaintiff cause this order to be published in The Owosso Times, such publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

JOSEPH H. COLLINS,

Circuit Judge.

PULVER & HUSH,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Business address, Owosso, Michigan.

Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Lucy M. Jackson, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the State Savings Bank in the City of Owosso in said county, on Monday, the 25th day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate and that four months from the 25th day of December, A. D. 1919, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 25th day of November, A. D. 1919.

WILLIAM A. ROSENKRANS,

PAUL N. CLINE,

Commissioners.

Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Corunna, on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1919.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Walter A. Osborn, deceased.

On filing the petition of Benjamin F. Osborn praying for the probate of the will of said deceased now filed in this court.

It is ordered that the 5th day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in The Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

(A true copy.)

MATTHEW BUSH,

Judge of Probate.

CLARINE GALLOWAY,

Register of Probate.

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 9. Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis
 10. Eczema, Eruptions
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Notice for Appearance.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery.

Elias Holzheuer

vs.

Amelia Holzheuer.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery, at Corunna, on the 5th day of October, A. D. 1919.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant is not a resident of this state, but resident at Fort Meade, State of Florida, on motion of G. F. Pfeiffer, plaintiff's attorney, it is ordered that the said defendant enter her appearance herein, within three months from the date of this order.

And that within forty days the plaintiff cause this order to be published in The Owosso Times, such publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

JOSEPH H. COLLINS,

Circuit Judge.

G. F. PFEIFFER,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice for Appearance.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery.

Mary L. Shuster

vs.

Amos E. Shuster.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee—in Chancery. At the City of Corunna on the 17th day of September, 1919.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant, Amos E. Shuster, is not a resident of the State of Michigan but a resident of the State of Oregon, therefore on motion of Pulver & Hush, attorneys for plaintiff, it is ordered that the said defendant enter his appearance herein, on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the plaintiff cause this order to be published in The Owosso Times, such publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

JOSEPH H. COLLINS,

Circuit Judge.

PULVER & HUSH,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Business address, Owosso, Michigan.

Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James M. Curwood, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the State Savings Bank in the City of Owosso in said county, on Monday, the 25th day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate and that four months from the 25th day of December, A. D. 1919, are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 25th day of November, A. D. 1919.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD,

ED. F. CONANT,

Commissioners.

Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1919.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of John S. Johnston, deceased.

On filing the petition of Lewis Scott praying for the probate of the will of said deceased now filed in this court.

It is ordered that the 12th day of January, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in The Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

(A true copy.)

MATTHEW BUSH,

Judge of Probate.

CLARINE GALLOWAY,